A pleaſant Countrey new Ditty:

Merrily ſhewing how

To driue the cold Winter away.

To the tune of, *When Phœbus did reſt, &c.*

All hayle to the dayes,
That merite more prayſe,
then all the reſt of the yeare:
And welcome the nights,
That double delights,
as well the pure as the Peere:
God fortune attend,
Each merry mans friend,
that doth but the beſt that he may:
Forgetting old wrongs,
With Carrols and Songs,
to driue the cold winter away.

Let miſery packe,
With a whip at his backe,
to the deep Tantalian flud:
In the Lethe profound,
Let enuy be drown'd,
that pines at another mans good:
Let ſorrowes expence,
Be banded from hence,
all payments of griefe delay:
And wholly conſort,
With mirth and with ſport,
to driue the cold winter away.

Who ill for a mind,
To anger inclind,
to ruminate iniuries now:
If wrath be to ſeeke,
Do not let her the cheeke,
nor yet inhabite thy brow.
Croſſe out of thoſe bookes,
Malenolent lookes,
both beauty and youthes decay:
And ſpend the long night,
In honeſt delight,
to driue the cold winter away.

The Court in all ſtate,
Hath opend her gate,
and bids a free welcome to all:
The City likewiſe,
Though ſomewhat preciſe,
doth willingly part with her call:
And yet by report,
From City and Court,
the Country gets the day:
Where Liquor is ſpent,
And better content,
to driue the cold winter away.

The Gentry there,
For coſt do not ſpare,
the Yeomanry fall in Lent:
The Farmers and ſuch,
Thinke nothing too much,
if they keep but to pay their Rent:
The pooreſt of all,
Do merrily call,
want, beares but a little ſtroke:
For a ſong or a tale,
Or a Pot of good Ale,
to driue the cold winter away.

Thus none will alone,
Of ſolitude mone,
but merrily greets the time:
To make it appeare,
Of all the whole yeare,
that this is accounted the Prime.
Decembar is ſeene,
Apparel'd in greene,
and January freſh as May:
Comes dancing along,
With a Cup and a ſong,
to driue the cold winter away.

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The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.

THis time of the yeare,
Is ſpent in good Cheare,
kind neighbours together meet:
To ſit by the fire,
With friendly deſire,
each other in love to greet:
Old grudges forgot,
Are put in the Pot,
all ſorrowes alloe they lay:
The old and the yong,
Doth Carroll his ſong,
to drive the cold winter away.

Siſley and Nanny,
Dare tocund then any,
as blithe as the Maunth of June:
Do Carroll and ſing,
Like birds of the Spring,
no Nightingale ſweeter in tune:
To bring in content,
When Summer is ſpent,
in pleaſant delight and play:
With mirth and good cheare,
To end the old yeare,
and drive the cold winter away.

The Shepheard, the Hwaine,
Do highly diſdaine,
to waſte out his time in care:
And Clim of the Clough,
Hath plenty enough,
if but a penny he ſpare:
To ſpend at the night,
In joy and delight,
now after his labours all day:
For better then Lands,
Is helpe of his hands,
to drive the cold winter away.

To Maske and to Mum,
Kind neighbours will come,
with Waſſels of nut browne Ale;
To drinke and carouſe,
To all in this houſe,
as merry as Bucks in the pale:
Where Cake, Bread and Cheeſe,
Is brought for your fees,
to make you the longer ſtay:
At the fire to warme,
Will do you no harme,
to drive the cold winter away.

When Chriſtmas tide,
Comes in like a Bride,
with Holly and Ivy clad:
Twelve dayes in the yeare,
Hath mirth and good cheare,
in every houſhold is had:
The Country guiſe,
Is then to deviſe,
ſome gambole of Chriſtmas play:
Whereas the yong men,
Do beſt that they can,
to drive the cold winter away.

When white-bearded Froſt,
Hath threatned his wraſt,
and fallen from Branch & Bryer:
Then time away cals,
From Husbandry Hals,
& from the good Countrymans fire:
Together to go,
To Plow and to ſow,
to get us both food and array:
And thus with content,
The time we have ſpent,
to drive the cold winter away.

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